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The Athenian Mercury:

Tuesday, *February* 13. 1694.

A PARAPHRASE

Of David's *Elegy on* Saul *and* Jonathan, 2 *Sam.* 1. *Being part of the First Lesson for Morning-Service on the* 30th. *of* January.

1.

MOurn *Israel!* Mourn! admit of no Relief,
To thy Intolerable Grief!
To *Love* and *Beauty* bid a long *Farewell!*
For *both* thou now may'ſt look in vain,
Since *Love* and *Beauty* both are *ſlain:*
With *Saul* and matchleſs *Jonathan* they fell,
Who breathleſs on thy *barren Mountains* lye,
Their *Manly Limbs* expos'd and bare
To all th' *Inclemencys* of th' *Air*,
And their more cruel *Enemy.*
Mighty in *Arms!* who never *fled*,
Who now are *ſlain*, not *vanquiſhed!*
How are you *fall'n?* how is the *Crown*
Of *Israel's Glory* tumbled down,
And undiſtinguiſh'd lies among the *Vulgar Dead?*

V. 19. *The Beauty of Iſrael is ſlain upon thy High places.*

How are the mighty fallen.

2.

Let not, O let not *proud Philiſtia* know,
Leaſt they *Rejoice* and *Triumph* in our *Woe!*
Let not the *News* in *Gath* be told,
The *fatal News* from *Aſcalon* withhold!
Stiffle, if poſſible, our foul *Diſgrace*,
Let *Israel* only bear its own *ſad Load*,
O *ſpread* it not in *Heathen-lands* abroad,
Among the faithleſs *Foreskin'd Race!*
Leaſt they to *impious Feaſts* our *Fvſts* ſhou'd turn,
Envying ev'n our *Sorrows* too,
And *Loyal Tears* for ſuch vaſt *Loſſes* due;
Leaſt they *Inſult* and *Revel* while we *Mourn*;
Leaſt they their *monſtrous Idols* ſhou'd adore,
As when *devoted Iſrael* fled before:
Leaſt they agen their *two-form'd* Dragon boaſt,
And *Acaron*, the Prince of all the *Airy Hoſt.*

20. *Tell it not in Gath, publiſh it not in the Street of Aſhkelon, leaſt the Daughters of the Philiſtines rejoice, leaſt the Daughters of the uncircumciſed triumph.*

3.

Ah *fatal Gilboa!* 'twas on *thee* they *fell!*
More *barren* may thy *ragged Mountains* grow
Like *Ararat* hid in *eternal Snow!*
No *Flocks*, no *careſull Shepherds* on thee *dwell!*
Or parcht with *Thirſt* ſtill may'ſt thou *gape* in vain,
And raiſe thy *blaſted Head* to Heav'n for kindly *Rain.*
A *Friends*, a *Sons*, a *Subjects Curſe* on *Thee!*
Nor *Dew*, nor *Rain*, for ever on thee *fall*,
But Heav'ns dread *Bolts* when thou for *Rain* doſt call:
Eternal *Barreneſs* thy *Portion* be!
There *mighty Saul* amid the *faithleſs Hoſt*,
'Twas there he *loſt* his *Shield*, tho' firſt his *Life* he *loſt.*
His *Sacred Head* lies *bleeding* on the *Ground*,
Ghaſtly it lyes, unknown, deform'd, *uncrown'd*,
Which once with *myſtic royal Drops* was richly *circled* round

4.

Roll *Warriors*, roll your *Enſigns* in the *Duſt*,
That oft with *Blood* were nobly *ſtain'd*,
That *Flight* and baſe *Retreat* diſdain'd!
Your *Sorrow* is but *juſt.*
Trail, heavy, your *big Lances* on the ground!
Let the hoarſe *Trumpet* ſlow and mournfull ſound!
Let your *Broad Swords* within their *Scabbards* ruſt!
Farewell the greateſt *Pride* that *War* cou'd boaſt!
The *Bow* of *Jonathan*, the *Sword* of *Saul* are loſt.
So fatal, *Prince!* thy *Bow* did prove,
As thou hadſt chang'd with *Death* or *Love.*
Thy Father's *Sword* ne're rais'd in vain,
His *Thouſands* he, thou haſt *ten thouſands ſlain!*

5.

Bleſs'd Pair; whoſe Lives ſhall the beſt *Pattern* prove
Of *Filial* and *Parental Love!*
Ev'n *Death* it ſelf in vain has try'd,
Nor cou'd your Sacred *Band* divide:
Great Saul, when *Iſrael* baſely *fled*,
Alone *maintain'd* his *Ground*
Tho' *doubly* compaſs'd round,
Encompaſs'd with the *Living* and the *Dead.*
Aloof awhile th' *Uncircumcis'd* appear'd,
And ſome *New Sampſon* fear'd:
Grinning their *Dread* and *Rage* expreſs'd,
And dart whole *Groves* of *Deaths* againſt his *Royal Breaſt*;
Whole *Groves* of *Deaths* on his *broad Shield* he wore,
'Till now no *room* for *more*;
So when *fallacious Nets* are plac'd,
And to the Toyls the *Royal Beaſt* is chac'd,
Attackt by many a *winged Wound*,
By crowds of *Hunters* circl'd round,
Whom *Numbers* ſelf not *guards* from *Fear*;
A *diſtant War* they *thus* ignobly make,
Their *knotted Javelins* round him *ſhake*,
But dare not *venture near.*

6.

O matchleſs *Jonathan!* O where
Is now thy *Piety* and *Care!*
A *Father* calls, fly *ſwift*, or 'tis too late,
Fly to *prevent* or *ſhare* his *Fate!*
He did, he came, tho' *tir'd* and out of *Breath*,
Among the *trembling Squadrons* ſcatt'ring *Death.*
So, when the *Bird* that does the *Thunder* bear,
Or *hears* her *callow Eaglet's* cry,
Or *ſees* far off with piercing *Eye*
Her *Eyry* ſtorm'd by th' *Rabble* of the *Air*,
She *darts* to their *Relief*, like *Lightning* thro' the *Skie.*
He came, and ſaw, ſome from his Vengeance *fled*,
And ſome his *Sword*, and ſome his *Eyes* ſtruck *dead:*
He *came*, but cou'd alas! no *more*,
For *Fate*, more *ſwift* than he, got there *before*;
He ſaw his *Father's* Fall, and by his *ſide*
Himſelf he *dropt*, embrac'd his *Knees* and *dy'd.*

7.

Now *Iſrael's Daughters!* now *lament* and *mourn!*
Indulge the mighty *Woe!*
So *juſt* a *Grief* too *high* can never *flow*,
Tho' *Statues* you, your *Eyes* ſhou'd *Fountains* turn.
There needs no purchas'd *Grief*, no borrow'd *Tear*,
Nature, not *Art commands* 'em here.
Gratitude, Int'reſt, Piety unite,
The *Tribute* of your *Sorrows* all demand,
Great Soul, whoſe *Reign* ſo long has bleſs'd the *Land*,
Is *ſunk*, for ever ſunk in *Death* and *Night.*
Long *Plenty*, *Pleaſure*, *Eaſe*,
You owe his *Royal Care:*
He brought you all the *Wealth* of *Peace*,
And all the *Spoils* of *War.*

8.

How are the Mighty *fall'n?* tho' e're they fell
How *dearly* they their *Lives* did *ſell?*
(A *War* alone, when all the reſt were *fled!*)

With

With what a *Pomp descend* among the *mighty Dead?*
O *Jonathan!* whom dearer Names commend
Than that of *Brother! Jonathan* my *Friend:*
My *Princely Friend!* how wert thou *brave* in vain?
Now art thou *fall'n*, oppreſs'd with *Heaps* of *ſlain!*
What *Trophys* did thy *Sword* erect, before
It *left* thy *Hand?* how oft the *Day reſtore;*
E're thy *Great Soul* from *Gilboa* took its *riſe,*
And at a *thouſand Wounds* ruſht out for *Paradice!*

9.

Cou'd thy *dear Soul* look down from *Bliſs*, and join
As oft it did when here, with *mine*,
Soon wou'd it know that *Grief* and *Care*
Which ſtill when *here* it us'd to ſhare;
Whole Jonathan wou'd ſtill be *graven* there.
There wou'dſt thou ſee what *Sorrows* unexpreſt
Fill all thy *Faithfull David's* Breaſt.
How all my Joy, how all my Pleatures fled,
And how I *drag* my *Life* now thou art dead:
The *happy Hours* to mind I often call,
Tho' now, alas! they're *vaniſh'd* all;
How cloſe embrac'd we often *walkt*,
How dearly *lockt*, how dearly *talkt*;
How *fair* a *Love* fill'd eithers Breaſt,
Untouch'd by *Vice* or *Intereſt:*
O wondrous *Friend!* what *Tribute* ſhall I pay,
For ſuch a Love as ev'n a Crown cou'd not *outweigh*;
This Juſtice then, great Friend, I'll do,
Unto your *Sacred Memory* and *You.*
Not Princely *Michal's* ſelf, altho' as fair
As Cherubs dreſs'd in ſh'ning Robes of Air;
Tho' ſoft her ſighs as *murmuring Turtles* be,
Nor ev'n the charming *Michal* ever *lov'd* like *Thee.*

10.

Soft as the *gentle Smiles* of *Virgins* are,
Was *Jonathan* in *Peace*, but *Thunder* in the *War:*
Like that cou'd *ſtrike*, like that cou'd *wound*,
Wide ſcatt'ring *Terror* and *Deſtruction* round,
Yet is he fall'n, Ah that it muſt be ſaid!
Yet are the *Mighty fall'n*, my *Jonathan* is Dead.

Queſt. 1. *How do you reconcile theſe two places*, 2 Kings 9. 27. *where 'tis ſaid of* Ahaziah, Jehu *commanded to Smite him in his Chariot* [and they did ſo] *at the going up to* Gur, *which is by* Ibleam, *and he fled to* Megiddo *and dyed there* — *and* 2 Chron. 22. 9. *And he* (Jehu) *ſought* Ahaziah, *and they caught him, for he was hid in* Samaria, *and brought him to* Jehu, *and when they had ſlain him, they bury'd him*, &c?

Anſw. We Anſwer, *Firſt*, That thoſe words in the 2 *Kings* 9. [*and they did ſo*] did actually and immediately obey *Jehu's* Commands are not expreſt in the Original, whence they are in our Bibles in a different Character from the reſt of the Text. Which the 70 being ſenſible of, made 'em, we ſuppoſe transfer the Verb to the latter place, as we keep it in the former — καὶ γε αὐτὸν — καὶ ἐπάταξαν αὐτὸν. Now if they did not ſmite him there, as is ſcarce certain from the Text, neither is it certain that he there receiv'd his *Deaths* wound. But becauſe we have been taught formerly by a learned Queriſt, in the Caſe of the Dew of *Hermon*, &c, that Reduplications are common in the Scripture, the Verb, or ſome ſmall Sentence being frequently to be ſupply'd by the *Sence* of the Reader, from the Idiom of that Language (and the ſame, more or leſs in all other) therefore we inſiſt not on this Anſwer, but come to what ſeems a *clearer*, and *firmer*, — *Samaria* is ſometimes taken for the *Kingdom*, the whole Region of *Samaria*, and with much more eaſe then for the Country near it, and *round* about it. And this not only frequently in the New Teſtament, where 'tis ſaid our Saviour muſt go through *Samaria*, and *Samaria* is ſo often mentioned as a *Diſtrict*, not a *City* (for the Name of it was then chang'd to *Sebaſte*, as *Joſephus* tells us) but even here, in the old Teſtament, in ſeveral inſtances. Particularly 1 *King.* 21. 1. *Ahab* is call'd King of *Samaria*, tho' he had a Palace at *Jezreel*, and there often, if not *chiefly* liv'd. But this ſeems yet plainer from the 21. and 18. where 'tis ſaid, Go down to meet *Ahab*, King of *Iſrael*, which is (or rather who is, 70. βασιλέως Ισραὴλ τῦ ἐν Σαμαρείᾳ) in *Samaria* — behold he is in the Vine-yard of *Naboth* — where 'tis plain that *Naboths* Vineyard, tho' undoubtedly at or very near *Jezreel*, was yet in *Samaria*, near which Village *Joram* was killed, and *Ahaziah* wounded, whence he fled, and as it ſeems, hid himſelf in *Megiddo*, very near *Jezreel*, and in *Samaria* where *Jehu* found and ſlew him.

Advertiſements.

Yeſterday was Publiſhed

☞ A *Narrative* of the late Extraordinary Cure in an inſtant wrought upon Mrs. *ELIZABETH SAVAGE*, (Lame from her Birth) without the uſing of any Natural Means, with the *Affidavits* which were made before the *Right Honourable the Lord Mayor*, and the *Certificates* of ſeveral Credible Perſons who knew her both before and ſince this Cure: Enquired into with all its Circumſtances by Noted *Divines* both of the Church of *England* and others, and by Eminent *Phyſitians* of the Colledge, and many Perſons of *Quality*, who have expreſs'd their full ſatisfaction, with an *APPENDIX* attempting to prove that *Miracles are not ceas'd.* Printed for *John Dunton* at the *Raven*, and *John Harris* at the *Harrow* in the *Poultrey*. Price 6 *d.*

Bibliotheca Aſhmoliana: A Catalogue of the Library of the Learned and Famous *Elias Aſhmole*, Eſq; Conſiſting of the Rareſt Books in moſt Sciences and Faculties, as well Hiſtory, Genealogies, Philoſophy, Geography, Coins, Heraldry, *&c.* as in all the moſt abſtruce Parts of Humane Learning; to be Sold at *Rolls's* Auction Houſe in *Petty Canon Ally* in St. *Pauls Church yard*, On Monday next being the 19*th* of this Inſtant *February*, 1694. Catalogues may be had at *William Whitwood's* Bookſeller in *Little Brittain*; Mr. *Hargrave* Bookſeller in *Holborn*; *Anth. Feltham* in *Weſtminſter Hall*. Mr. *Eliph. Fay* Bookſeller under the *Piazza* of the *Royal Exchange* and at the Auction Houſe above mentioned.

BLank Warrants to the Aſſeſſors and Collectors of the New Aid granted to their Majeſties, (Licenſed by Sir *Robert Atkins*, Knight of the *Bath*, and Lord Cheif Baron of their Majeſties Court of Exchequer) are now Printed for and Sold by *Robert Vincent* in *Cliffords-Inn-Lane*, *Fleet-ſtreet*; and *Chr. Conningsby* at the *Golden Turks-head* againſt St. *Dunſtans* Church in *Fleet ſtreet*.

THis is to give Notice, to all Ladies and Others, that Mr. *Poullet*, Living at the Sign of the *Pearl* in *Hants Court* in *Caſtel ſtreet*, Sells and Makes all Sorts and Sizes of *French* Pearls at Reaſonable Rates, as alſo all manner of Pearl Ear-rings; he is very Ingenious in making Wax Pictures both Little and Great; and if any body will take the Trouble to come to his Lodging; he will ſhew them the King and Queens Pictures in Wax, as big as their Natural Proportion.

☞ IN *Grays-Inn-Lane* in *Plow-yard*, the third Door, lives Dr. *Thomas Kirleus*, a Collegiate Phyſician, and Sworn Phyſician in Ordinary to King *Charles* the Second, until his death; who with a Drink and Pill (hindring no Buſineſs) undertakes to Cure any Ulcers, Sores, Swellings in the Noſe, Face, or other parts; Scabs, Itch, Scurfs, Leproſies, and Venerial Diſeaſe, expecting nothing until the Cure be finiſhed: Of the laſt he hath cured many *hundreds* in this City, many of them after fluxing, which carries the evil from the Lower Parts to the Head, and ſo deſtroys many. The Drink is 3 *s.* the Quart, the Pill 1 *s.* a Box, with Directions; a better Purger than which was never given, for they cleanſe the Body of all Impurities, which are the cauſes of Dropſies, Gouts, Scurvies, Stone or Gravel, Pains in the Head, and other parts. Take heed whom you Truſt in Phyſick, for it's become a Common Cheat to profeſs it. He gives his Opinion to all that writes or comes or nothing.

LONDON, Printed for **John Dunton** at the *Raven* in the *Poultrey*, **1694**.